Nemesis

Celtic Frost

Heaven and shores
Beneath the death of the sun
Suffering at will
Slaves in the cavity of doom
Wastelands without winds
Cries cut through the lies
The heat of the deserts
Heart closes to my throat
Will death cleanse me of this nemesis
I taste the blood and all the pain
In darkened depths
A vision of fear becomes as real
Nursing the dead
No love, life is grief
Dare to escape
The claws of sleep of death
No good, no cold
Salvation we are praying for
Days full of fear The silent eyes perceive
Will death cleanse me of this nemesis
I taste the blood and all the pain

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